N°7161

THE Wild Gallant:

A COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

LONDON,

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PREFACE.

IT would be a great Impudence in me to ſay much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent ſucceſs in the action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more reſolute in his *Preface* before his *Pertharite*, which was condemn'd more univerſally than this: for he avows boldly, That in ſpight of Cenſure his *Play* was well, and regularly written; which is more than I dare ſay for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertiſement of His Majeſty, by His own Command. But I have more modeſty than to aſcribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the firſt attempt I made in *Dramatique Poetry*; and I find ſince, a very bold one, to begin it. The with *Comedy*; which is the moſt difficult part of

Plot was not Originally my own: but ſo alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worſe, I know not) that whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will ſee in it, the uncorrectneſs of a young Writer: which is yet but a ſmall excuſe for him, who is ſo little amended ſince. The beſt Apology I can make for it, and the trueſt, is only this; That you have ſince that time received with Applauſe, as bad, and as uncorrect *Plays* from other Men.

The two laſt lines of the preceeding Page, read thus: find ſince, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the moſt difficult part of it. The Plot

PROLOGUE

To the *Wild Gallant* Reviv'd.

AS ſome raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with ſome Sport, which he alone does find,
And thinks a ſecret to all Human kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet half afraid,
He firſt attempts the gentle Dairy-Maid.
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetſtones Park, *he comes at length to Town,*
Where enter'd by ſome School-fellow or Friend,
He grows to break Glaſs-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By ſuch degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monſtrous lewd (I'll lay my life)
Becauſe ſuſpected with his Landlord's Wife:
But ſince his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man:
And, much aſham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis ſome amends his frailties to confeſs;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedneſs:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confeſſion ſhows he has ſome grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almoſt ſpoyl'd a very hopeful ſinner;
But, If once more you ſlight his weak endeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn tail for ever.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lord *Nonſuch*,	An old rich humorous Lord.
Juſtice *Trice*,	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*,	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*,	A baſhful Knight.
Failer, and *Burr*,	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setſtone,	A Jeweller.

WOMEN.

Lady *Conſtance*,	Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Iſabelle*,	Her Couſin.
Mrs. *Bibber*,	The Taylor's Wife.

Sergeants.
Boy to *Loveby*.
Servants.
A Bawd and Whores.
Watch and Conſtable.

The Scene *LONDON*.

THE

THE
Wild Gallant.

ACT I. SCENE I. *London.*

Failer *entring to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-Coat.*

Fail. WHat! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not conſider my Voyage from *Holland* laſt night.

Fail. Piſh, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Couſins Maids will come and Blanket thee anon: Art thou not aſhamed to lie a Bed ſo long?

Bur. I may be more aſhamed to riſe; and ſo you'l ſay, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the beſt is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: thy Doublet and Breeches are Guelphs and Ghibellins to one another; and the ſtitches of thy Doublet are ſo far aſunder, that it ſeems to hang together by the Teeth. No Man could ever gueſs to what part of the Body theſe fragments did belong unleſs he had been acquainted with 'em as long as thou haſt been: If they once loſe their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, muſt not think to do't by ſtorm; no, He muſt win it inch by inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe, but till I am provided of a better, I am reſolv'd to receive all Viſits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I firſt ſcotch the Wheels of it, that it may not run; thou haſt Cattle enough in it, to carry it down ſtairs, and break thy neck; 'tis got a yard nearer the door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, *M. Bibber* your Taylor's below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Fail. He's an honeſt Fellow, and a faſhionable, he ſhall ſet thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but where's the Money for this, dear Heart?

Fail. ——— Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths without Money? [*Aſide,*

Burr.

Burr. You ſpeak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you know *Will. Bibber*'s humor?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humor?

Fail. Break but a Jeſt, and he'll beg to truſt thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own deſtruction; and give thee occaſions to make one: he has been my Artificer theſe three years; and, all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehenſion: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But what am I the better for this? I ne'r made Jeſt in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will ſerve the turn; a Carwichet, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Countrey-Souldier? One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* theſe ten years! What an unreaſonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, 'tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come, you ſhall be rul'd for your own good. Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation: and, upon firſt opportunity, ſtart you up, and ſurpriſe him with a Jeſt.

Burr. Well, I think this impoſſible to be done: but however I'll attempt. [*Lies down*, Failer *covers him*

Fail. Huſh't! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer*: What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'ſt come to ſo little purpoſe.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my buſineſs is to drink my morning's Draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale ſerve the turn, *Will.*

Bib. I had too much of that laſt night; I was a little diſguis'd, as they ſay.

Fail. Why diſgius'd? Hadſt thou put on a clean Band, or waſh'd thy Face lately? thoſe are thy Diſguiſes, *Bibber.*

Bibb. Well, in ſhort, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale, I was Porterly drunk, and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr. Riſing: And of all things in Nature I love it beſt.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Becauſe when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my ſelf.

Bib. Ha, ha, Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings ſad News to you *Will.* you muſt truſt him for a ſuit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: come, he's an honeſt Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? it ſhall be my Suit to him, that I may truſt him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir.

Fail. Burr. Make haſt and dreſs you: Sir *Timorous* dines here to day; you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honeſt young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a conſtant Revenue out of him: he would now be

be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*, my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleetſtreet*.

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Month yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee; but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to day here, at your Couſin *Trice's*, on prpuoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What, he keeps up his old humour ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every man's wit, by the goodneſs of his Palate.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides?

Fail. Jac. Loveby.

Bib. O, my Gueſt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts, a Debauche.

Burr. I love him the better for't: the beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: he had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: he's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: a perſon that keeps company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come *Bibber*; I ſee thou longeſt to be, at thy morning's watering: I'll try what credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble Feſtus and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he drink till his Face be no bigger than a three-pence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances Bibber's *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, ſweet Landlady, hold thy tongue: Was't not enough thou haſt ſcolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Caſtle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trice's* where I am invited; and to diſcredit me before ſtrangers, for a lowſy, Paltry ſumm of Money?

Franc. I tell you truly, Mr. *Loveby*, my husband and I cannot live by Love, as they ſay; we muſt have wherewithal, as they ſay; and pay for what we take; and ſo ſhall you, or ſome ſhall ſmoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beef in *Holland* is not more ſmoakt, than thou haſt ſmoak'd me already. Thou know'ſt I am now faſting; let me have but fair play; when I have lined my ſides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation to come home again, and thou ſhalt ſcold at me all the afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allows none to ſcold in their own Cauſes: What do'ſt thou think the Lawyers take our money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deal by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they ſay?

Lov. Then I ſhould beat him moſt unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fobb me off with your Jeſts as you do my Huſband; but it wonn't be: yonder he comes, and Company with him; Husband Husband; why, *William*, I ſay!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak ſoftly, and I will ſatisfie thee.

Franc. You ſhall not ſatisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing beſides, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Lov. What a Stygian Woman's this to talk thus? hold thy tongue till they be gone or I'll Cuckold thy husband.

Fran. You Cuckold him———would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my Tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonder's my Gueſt; what ſay you, Gentlemen? ſhall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no other way: Save ye, Mr. *Failer*; is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet? anſwer me quickly, Sir, is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir? ſure the man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: come away, *Burr. Will.* you'll follow us?

Bib. I'll be with you immediately——— [*Exeunt* Burr Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will?*

Bib. A man at Arms, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A man out at Arms thou mean'ſt, *Will*?

Bib. Good I'faith.

Franc. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeſts, *William*; and never mind the main chance, as they ſay: pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe* with the *Apricot* flavour, *Will.* hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? every little hugg in bed, is a degree of murdering thee: and for thy Children fear e'm not: thy part of'um ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that, *Frances*? there was wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my face, and yet for my heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir; and I love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truly, do you not like ſuch a pretty brown kind of Woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will.* your fair Women have no ſubſtance in e'm, they ſhrink i'th' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will, Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: you may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tells me; I love your wit well, Sir; but I muſt cut my coat according to my cloath.

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady———

Franc. Will [good Landlady] ſet on the Pot, as they ſay, or make the Jack go; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now ſhe's too much on the t'other hand: hold your prating, *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your Pater noſters with a ſorrow to you.

Franc.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they ſay, whereby to get our money in: but if you knew how he had uſed me, Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you, *Frances*: put ſo much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honeſt *Will*, and ſo he dy'd; I thank the little *Bibber*, being ſober! and when I am drunk, I will kiſs thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my money, Sir; though I could not forbear my Jeſt, I do not intend to loſe by you; if you pay me not the ſooner, I muſt provide you another Lodging; ſay I gave you warning.

Lov. Againſt next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour, Sir.

Lov. That's ſhort warning *Will.*

Bib. By this hand you ſhall up in the Garret where the little bed is, I'll let my beſt room to a better paymaſter; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token, Husband.

Lov. I ſweat to think of the Garret, *Will.* thou art not ſo unconſcionable to put me there: why 'tis a little kind of eaſe, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in; I have ſeen an Uſurer's Iron Cheſt would hold two on't: a penny Looking-Glaſs cannot ſtand upright in the Window, that and the Bruſh fills it: the Hat-caſe muſt be diſpos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-caſe will hang down from the Cieling to the Floor. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I muſt ſtay till I am empty before I can get out: and if I chance to ſpill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the deſcription of the Garret, I'll bate you ſomething of the Bill.

Lov. All, all good, *Will.* or to ſtay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will deſcribe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather deſcribe your own little money; I am ſure that's ſo little, it is not viſible.

Lov. You are i'th' right, I have not a croſs at preſent, as I am a ſinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inſide outward——— Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy; Has my ſmall Officer put in Counters to abuſe me?———How now, yellow Boys, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, how came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you mean, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this morning: in theſe laſt three weeks I have almoſt forgot what my Teeth were made for; laſt night good Mrs *Bibber* here took pity on me, and crumm'd me a Meſs of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis ſtrange, how I ſhould come by ſo much Money! Has [*aſide.* there been no body about my Chamber this morning, Landlady?

Boy. O yes Sir; I forgot to tell you that: this morning a ſtrang Fellow, as ever eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were aſleep; but when he came down again, he ſaid, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this fellow, who e'r he was, was ſent by Fortune to miſtake me into ſo much Money.——Well this is not the firſt time my neceſſities have been ſtrangely ſupply'd: ſome *Cadua* or other has a kindneſs for me, that's certain: *(aſide)*——— Well Monſieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'll keep

my wit for more refin'd ſpirits; you ſhall be paid with dirt;——there's Money for you.

Bib Nay, Good Sir.

Lov. What's your ſumm? tell it out: Will the Money burn your fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation ——Gives him Gold. [*Exit* Boy.

Mr. *Taylor*, I ſhall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not anſwer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray Sir trouble not your ſelf; 'tis nothing, I feck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing, Sir?

Franc. And't pleaſe your Worſhip, it was ſeventeen pounds and a Noble, yeſterday at noon, your Worſhip knows: and then your Worſhip came home ill laſt night and complain'd of your Worſhips head; and I ſent for three Diſhes of *Tea* for your good Worſhip, and that was Sixpence more, and pleaſe your Worſhip's honour.

Lov. Well; there's eighteen pieces, tell 'em.

Bib. I ſay, *Frances*, do not take 'em.

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of neceſſity come to this?

Bib. Now I ſee he will pay, *Francis*; go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Leaſe of the Houſe too; he ſhall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your Houſe.

Bib. Nay rather than diſpleaſe his Worſhip, take it. [*She takes it.*

Lov. So, go home quietly, and Suckle my God-ſon, *Frances*. [*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my firſt viſit ſhall be to my Miſtriſs, the Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*; She's diſcreet, and how the Devil ſhe comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident ſhe Loves me: well, no woman can be wiſer than, you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Conſtance, *and Madam* Iſabella.

Iſa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant, *Loveby*?

Lov. 'Tis ſhe; there's no being ſeen, till I am better habited—— [*Exit* Loveby.

Conſt. Let him go, and take no notice of him: poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his poverty.

Iſa. And leſs, that you ſupply it by an unknown hand.

Conſt. I, and falſified my Father's Keys to do it.

Iſa. How can you anſwer this to your diſcretion?

Conſt. Who could ſee him want ſhe loves?

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. Oh here's Mr. *Setſtone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Conſt. Welcome, *Setſtone*, haſt thou perform'd thy viſit happily and without diſcovery?

Set.

Set. As you would wiſh it, Madam: I went up to his Chamber without interruption; and there found him drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with ſleep; which advantage I took, and undiſcovered by him, left the Gold divided in his Pockets.

Conſt. Well, this Money will furniſh him I hope, that we may have his company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good pounds; Madam! Has your Father miſs'd it yet.

Conſt. No; if he had, we ſhould have all heard on't before now: but, pray God Monſieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ranſom'd: what a kind of woman is his Landlady?

Set. Well enough to ſerve a Taylor; or to kiſs when he comes home drunk, or wants money; but, far unlikely to create jealouſie in your Ladyſhip.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Juſtice *Trice* deſires your Ladyſhip's excuſe, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you; he is diſpatching a little buſineſs, about which he is earneſtly employed.

Conſt. He's Maſter of his own occaſions. [*Exit* Servant.

Iſa. We ſhall ſee him anon, with his face as red, as if it had been boyl'd in Pump-water: but, When comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be preſented you for your Servant?

Conſt. Oh, 'tis well thought on; Faith thou knoweſt my affections are otherwiſe diſpos'd; he's rich and thou want'ſt a Fortune, atchieve him if thou can'ſt, 'tis but trying, and thou haſt as much wit as any Wench in *England.*

Iſa. On condition you'l take it for a Courteſie to be ridd of an Aſs, I care not if I marry him: the old Fool, your Father, would be ſo importunate to match you with a young Fool, that partly for quietneſs ſake I am content to take him.

Conſt. To take him! then you make ſure on't.

Iſa. As ſure, as if the Sack Poſſet were already eaten.

Conſt. But, What means wilt thou uſe to get him?

Iſa. I'll bribe *Failer*, he's the man.

Conſt. Why this Knight is his Inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'ſt thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? no, he fears thy wit too much: beſides, he has already received an hundred pounds to make the Match between Sir *Timerous* and me.

Iſa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he ſells me Fee-ſimple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam———

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. The Tempeſt is riſen; I ſee it in his face; he puffs and blows yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upward and downward in his belly.

Set. Will he not find your falſe Keyes, Madam?

Iſa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to ſearch us.

Conſt. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd. I am robb'd. I have utterly loſt all ſtomach to my dinner.

Conſt. Robb'd! good my Lord, how, or of what?

Non.

Non. Two hundred and fifty pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: a hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I proteſt, my Lord, I had as much ado to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordſhip.——

Non. you muſt get me as much more againſt to morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Iſa. Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch haſt: the Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.

Conſt. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? he may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: the graſs is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go ſee immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timerous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's wellcome——

Fail. And this the particular of his Eſtate.

Non. That's wellcome too.

Fail. But beſides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in *ſpecie.*

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I ſuppoſe my Eſtate will ſpeak for me; yet, if you pleaſe to put in a word.

Non. That will I inſtantly.

Tim. I hope I ſhall have your good word too, Madam, to your Couſin for me; [*To* Iſabella.]

Iſa. Any thing within my power, Sir *Timerous.*

Non. Daughter, here's a perſon of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you diſcover all at firſt daſh.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; Have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Conſtance*, here's a Knight in love with you, Child.

Conſt. In love with me, my Lord, it is not poſſible.

Non. Here he ſtands that will make it good, Child.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyſhip has a better opinion of me than ſo.

Non. What, are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me ſo but even now: I'll eat words for no man.

Tim. If your Ladyſhip will believe all reports that are raiſed on Men of Quality——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Child: I'll eat words for no man: that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him ſo but juſt now; fye, Sir *Timerous.*

Non. He ſhall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thouſand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would ſpeak for him, I'll eat no mans words; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Iſa. You need not keep ſuch a pudder about eating his words; you ſee he has eaten e'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him ſtand to his words, and he ſhall not marry my Daughter neither: by this good day, I will—— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Conſt.

Conſt. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has loſt 250 *l.* in't. [*To* Iſab.

Burr. He ſwears at the rate of two thouſand pounds a year, if the *Rump* Act were ſtill in being.

Fail. He's in paſſion, man; and beſides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What noiſe is that? I think I hear your Couſin *Trice*'s voice.

Fail. I'll go ſee——— [*Exit* Fail.

Iſa. Come, Sir *Timerous*, be not diſcouraged: 'tis but an old mans forwardneſs; he's always thus againſt rain.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam, follow me quickly; and if you do not ſee ſport, Melancholy be upon my head——— [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene changes, and Trice *is diſcovered playing at Tables by himſelf, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and ſee him, undiſcovered by him.*

Trice. Cinque and Cater: my Cinque I play here, Sir, my Cater here, Sir: Now for you, Sir: but firſt I'll drink to you, Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reaſon, Sir: mine was thus full, Sir: pray mind your play, Sir:———Size Ace I have thrown, I'll play em at length, Sir:———will you, Sir? then you have made a blot, Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you, Sir.

———I think you can cog a Dye, Sir.

———I cog a Dye, Sir? I play as fair as you or any man.

———You lye, Sir, how lye, Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye, Sir.——— [*Throws down the Tables.*

They all laugh and diſcover themſelves.

Iſab. Is this your ſerious buſineſs?

Trice. O you Rogue, are you there? you are welcome, huſwife, and ſo are you, *Conſtance*, *fa tol de re tol de re la.* [*Claps their backs.*

Iſab. Prithee be not ſo rude, *Trice.*

Trice. Huſwife *Conſt*, I'll have you into my Larder, and ſhew you my proviſion: I have Cockles, dainty fat Cockles that came in the night; if they had ſeen the day, I would not have given a fart for e'm. I would the King had e'm.

Conſt. He has as good, I warrnat you.

Trice. Nay that's a lye, I could ſit and cry for him ſometimes, he does not know what 'tis to eat a good meal in a whole year: his Cooks are Aſſes: I have a delicate diſh of Ruffs to dinner, Sirrah.

Conſt. To dinner!

Trice. To dinner! why by ſupper they had been paſt their prime, I'll tell thee the ſtory of e'm: I have a friend.———

Enter Servant.

Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice. Well, well I have a friend as I told you———

Ser. Dinner ſtays, Sir, 'tis Dinner that ſtays: ſure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a friend, as I told you.———

Iſab.

Iſab. I believe he's your Friend, you are ſo loth to part with him——

Trice. Away away;——I'll tell you the ſtory between the courſes. Go you to the Cook immediately, Sirrah, and bring me word what we have to ſupper, before we go to dinner; I love to have the ſatisfaction of the day before me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter from Dinner, Trice, Timerous, Failer, Burr, Conſtance, Iſabella.

Trice. SPeak thy conſcience; was it not well, Sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park, after our plenteous entertainment, Madam?

Iſab. I defie the Park, and all its works.

Conſt. Come, Mr *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

[*Exeunt præter* Failer *and* Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almoſt forgot to tell you: one of us two muſt ever be near Sir *Timerous*.

Burr. Why?

Fail. To guard our intereſt in him from the Enemy, Madam *Iſabella*; who, I doubt, has deſigns upon him. I do not fear her wit, but her ſex; ſhe carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber *with a bottle*

Bib. By this hand, I have a light upon the beſt wine in your Couſin's Cellar, drink but one glaſs to me, to ſhew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honeſt *Will.* 'tis a cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you Sir, I'll pledge you——now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't, *Will.*

Bib. 'Tis what you chriſtned it, a cup of forbearance, Sir.

Fail. Why I drink that to thee, *Will.* that thou ſhouldſt forbear thy Money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; henceforward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then ſay I: take a little Bibber, and throw him in the River, and if he will truſt never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. Then ſay I: take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jaylor; and there let him lie, till he has paid his Taylor.

Bur. You are very ſmart upon one another, Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I uſe to tell him of his Title, *Fiery Facias*; and his ſetting dog, that runs into Ale-houſes before him, and comes queſting out again, if any of the woots his cuſtomers be within.

Bib. I Faith 'tis true; and I uſe to tell him of his two Capons tails about his Hat, that are laid ſpread-eagle-wiſe to make a feather; I would go into the ſnow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour I would come in with a better feather upon my head; and ſo farewell Sir; I have had the better on you hithereto, and for this time I am reſolved to keep it. [*Exit* Bibber.

Fail. The Rogue's too hard for me; but the beſt on 't is, I have my revenge upon his Purſe.

Enter

Enter Iſabelle.

Iſab. Came not Sir *Timorous* this way, Gentlemen? he left us in the Garden, and ſaid he would look out my Lord *Nonſuch*, to make his peace with him.

Fail. Madam, I like not your enquiring after Sir *Timorous*: I ſuſpect you have ſome deſign upon him: you would fain undermine your Couſin, and marry him your ſelf.

Iſab. Suppoſe I ſhould deſign it; what are you the worſe for my good fortune? Shall I make a propoſition to you? I know you two carry a great ſtroke with him: make the match between us, and propound to your ſelves what advantages you can reaſonably hope: you ſhall chouſe him of horſes, cloaths and Money, and I'll wink at it.

Burr. And if he will not be chous'd, ſhall we beat him out on't?

Iſab. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us a handſel of the bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a match.

Iſab. Grammarcy i'faith, boyes; I love a good offer howe'r the World goes; but you would not be ſo baſe to wrong him that way.

Fail. I vow to gad but I would, Madam: in a Horſe or a Woman I may lawfully cheat my own Father: beſides, I know the Knight's complexion; he would be ſure to follow other Women; and all that.

Iſab. Nay, if he fought with the ſword, he ſhould give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Burr. What ſay you, Madam? is't a bargain.

Iſab. 'Tis but a promiſe; and I have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. *(aſide.)* Well, Gentlemen, when I am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a neceſſity I ſhould Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my ſelf a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you he's a perſon fit for nothing elſe, but I fear we ſhall not have the graffing of the horns; we muſt have Livery and Seiſin before hand of you, or I proteſt to gad we believe you not.

Iſab. I have paſt my word, is't not ſufficient? what do you think, I would tell a lie to ſave ſuch a paltrie thing as a night's lodging? ——Hark you, Sir: [To *Burr.*

Fail. Now will ſhe attempt *Burr*; i'gad ſhe has found him out for the weaker veſſel.

Iſab. I have no kindneſs for that *Failer*, we'll ſtrike him out, and manage Sir *Timorous* our ſelves.

Burr. Indeed we wo'not.

Iſab. *Failer*'s a Rook, and beſides, he's ſuch a debauched fellow.

Burr. I am ten times worſe.

Iſab. Leave it, and him that taught it you: you have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruine your ſelf. He that ſerves many Miſtreſſes, ſurfeits on his diet, and grows dead to the whole Sex: 'tis the folly in the World next long ears and braying.

Burr. Now I'm ſure you have a mind to me; when a Woman once falls to preaching, the next thing is ever Uſe and Application.

Iſab. Forbear your rudeneſs——

Bur. Then I am ſure you meant to jilt me: you decline *Failer*, becauſe he has wit; and you think me ſuch an Aſs, that you may pack me off ſo ſoon as you are Married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Iſa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this fellow was ſaying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam?

Iſa. That you were one of the erranteſt Cowards in Chriſtendom, though you went for one of the Dear Heart's: that your name had been upon more Poſts than Play-bills: and that he had been acquainted with you theſe ſeven years, drunk and ſober, and yet could never faſten a quarrel upon you.

Burr. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Iſa. If you deny it, I'll take his ſword, and force you to confeſs it.

Fail. I vow to gad this will not do, Madam: you ſhall not ſet us at variance ſo eaſily; neither ſhall you have Sir *Timerous*.

Iſa. No! then mark my words: I'll marry him in ſpight of you; and which is worſe, you ſhall both work my ends; and I'll diſcard you for your pains.

Fail. You ſhall not touch a bit of him: I'll preſerve his humbles from you igad; they ſhall be his Keepers Fees.

Burr. She ſhall cut an Atome ſooner than divide us. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. I have given 'em the ſlip in the Garden, to come and overhear thee: no fat overgrown Virgin of forty ever offer'd her ſelf ſo dog cheap, or was more deſpis'd: me-thinks now this ſhould mortifie thee exceedingly.

Iſa. Not a whit the more for that: Couſin mine, our Sex is not ſo eaſily put out of conceit with our own Beauties.

Con. Thou haſt loſt the opinion of thy honeſty, and got nothing in recompence: now that's ſuch an overſight in a Lady.

Iſab. You are deceiv'd: they think me to virtuous for their purpoſe, but I have yet another way to try, and you ſhall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Con. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: where have you been this fortnight?

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to ſee a little thing that's fallen to me upon the death of a Grandmother.

Conſt. You thank death for the windfall, Servant: but why are you not in mourning for her.

Lov. Troth Madam it came upon me ſo ſuddenly I had not time: 'twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Iſa. Why, was our Grandmother ſo young you could not look for her diſeaſe?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other kindred whom ſhe might have left it to, only ſhe heard I liv'd here in faſhion, and ſpent my Money in the Eye of the World.

Conſt. You forge theſe things prettily; but I have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of land in all the World.

Lov. Rivals tales, Rivals tales, Madam.

Conſt. Where lies your land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you, Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor houſe; from one ſide you have in proſpect an hanging Garden.

Iſa.

Iſa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother I hope?

Lov. In the midſt of it you have a Fountain: you have ſeen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will ſerve to give you a ſlight image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a perſpective of Fruit-trees; and beyond the River you ſee a Mead ſo flowry: well I ſhall never be at quiet, till we two make Hay there.

Conſt. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't; I am thinking to ſell it, it has ſuch a villanous unpleaſant name; it would have ſounded ſo harſh in a Ladies Ear. But for the Fountain, Madam.———

Conſt. The Fountain's a poor excuſe, it will not hold water; come the name, the name.

Lov. Faith it is come ſo lately into my hands, that I have forget the name on't.

Iſab. That's much, now, you ſhould forget the name, and yet could make ſuch an exact deſcription of the place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the name's *Bawdy*; ſure this will give a ſtop to their curioſity. (*aſide.*)

Iſa. At leaſt you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Couſin may ſend to enquire about it; come, this ſhall not ſerve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be ſomewhat too far to ſend; it lies in the very North of *Scotland.*

Iſa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not ſo, Sir?

Conſt. It ſeems you went Poſt, Servant: in troth you are a rank rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, ſtay and take Poſſeſſion, and return again, in ten days time.

Iſa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* Woman: is ſhe not a *Tartar* too: pray whiſtle for her, and let's ſee her daunce: come———whiſt Grannee!

Conſt. Fie-fie Servant; what, no invention in you? all this while a ſtudying for a name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiſer than ſo; I'll diſcover my Seat to no man; ſo I ſhall have ſome damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Conſt. How then ſhall I be ſatisfied there is ſuch a thing in nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you ſhall have it: Enquire into my money, there's the trial.

Conſt. Since you are ſo fluſh, Sir, you ſhall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Iſa. That was too ſevere; you know he has but 250 *l.* to be beſtow. [*to her.*]

Lov. Well you ſhall have it, Madam: but I cannot higgle: I know you'll ſay it did not coſt above 200 pieces.

Iſa. I'll be hang'd if he does not preſent you with a parcel of melted Flints ſet in Glod, or *Norfolk* Pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are ſo keen: —— Madam, this night I have appointed buſineſs, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it. [*Exit* Loveby.

Iſa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Landlady, all his Money will be gone: but, Do you mean to proſecute your Plot, to ſee him this Evening?

Conſt. Yes, and that very privately; if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. I heard him ſay this night he had appointed buſineſs.

Set. Why that was it, Madam; according to your order I put on a diſguiſe, and found him in the *Temple*-Walks: having drawn him aſide, I told him, if he expected happineſs, he muſt meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-ſide of Mr. *Trice*'s Houſe, juſt at the cloſe of Evening; there he ſhould be ſatisfied from whom he had his ſupplies of Money.

Conſt. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the leaſt doubt or ſcruple: but the jeſt on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Conſt. Sure he was afraid to come then.

Set. Quite contrary; he told me I need not be ſo ſhy, to acknowledge my ſelf to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt ſo much civility, as not to preſs his Friend to a farther diſcovery than he was pleaſed, I ſhould ſee I had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courteſie I ſhould confer on him he would not be unthankful for; becauſe he hated ingratitude of all things.

Conſt. 'Twas well carried not to diſabuſe him: I laugh to think what ſport I ſhall have anon, when I convince him of his lies, and let him know I was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: go, *Setſtone*, and in the ſame diſguiſe be ready for him. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. How dare you truſt this fellow?

Conſt. I muſt truſt ſome-body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Bur, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonſuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'tis not given to all men to be confident: I'gad you ſhall ſee Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occaſion.

Non. A raw mieking Boy.

Iſa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty? I never knew any thing ſo humorſome——I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll ſpeak for you.

Non. Would'ſt thou have me be friends with him? for thy ſake he ſhall only add five hundred a year to her Joynture and I'll be ſatisfied: come you hither, Sir.

Here Trice, *and* Nonſuch *and* Timorous *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Conſtance *with* Iſabella.

Conſt. You'l not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Iſa. I warrant you 'twill paſs upon *Burr* for a time: ſo my revenge, and your intereſt will go on together.

Fail. *Burr*, there's miſchief a brewing, I know it by their whiſpering I vow to gad: look to your ſelf, their deſign's on you; for my part I am a Perſon that am above 'em.

Tim. to *Trice*. But then you muſt ſpeak for me, Mr *Trice*; and you too, my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't, Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'll make the bargain.

Iſa. You were ever good in a Fleſh Market.

Trice. Come, you little Harlotry; What ſatisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in? *Conſt.*

Conſt. Why I left you to 'em, that ever invite your own belly to the greateſt part of all your feaſts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here, Huſwife, with a plentiful Fortune to furniſh out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an Angel in Heaven?

Iſa. Your mind's ever upon your belly.

Trice. No 'tis ſometimes upon yours, but, What ſay'ſt thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Conſtance?*

Conſt. Would you have me married to that King *Midas*'s Face?

Trice. *Midas*, me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he underſtands eating and drinking well. *Poeta coquus*, the Heathen Philoſopher could tell you that.

Conſt. Come on, Sir; What's your will with me? [*Laughs.*

Tim. Why, Madam, I could only wiſh we were a little better acquainted, that we might not laugh at one another ſo.

Conſt. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! do you know me, Madam?

Conſt. You may ſee I know you, becauſe I call you by your name.

Fail. You muſt endure theſe rebukes with patience, Sir *Timorous.*

Conſt. What, are you Plannet ſtruck? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is paſt enduring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. I ſay 'tis paſt enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a fool of my Daughter?

Iſa. Why, Lord?———

Non. Why, Lady?——— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Iſa. Now, Couſin—— [*Exeunt* Iſabelle, Trice, Burr.

Conſt. Well, Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the reſt would have endeavoured a thing ſo much againſt my inclination, as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my heart, I am ſure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwiſe to underſtand you I vow to gad I cannot comprehend.

Conſt. I did not ſay I lov'd you, but if I ſhould take a fancy to your Perſon and Humour: I hope it is no Crime to tell it you. Women are ty'd to hard unequal Laws: the paſſion is the ſame in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedom to expreſs it. You make poor *Grecian* beggers of us, Ladies; our deſires muſt have no language; but onely be faſtned to our breaſts.

Fail. Come, come; I'gad I know the whole Sex of you: your Love's at beſt but a kind of blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Conſt. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late you'l ſee how unjuſt you have been to me.——I have ſaid too much already.--- [*Is going.*

Fail. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Madam: I vow to gad my fortune's better than I could imagine.

Conſt. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in jeſt.

Fail. Really, Madam, I look upon you as a Perſon of ſuch worth and all

that

that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all Perſons in the World; and though I am a Perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a Perſon of your Worth and Excellency, I would———

Conſt. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, I vow to gad, Madam.

Enter Iſabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous, *at a diſtance from them.*

Iſa. There's *Failer* cloſe in Talk with my Couſin, he's ſolliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous:* do but obſerve with what paſſion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Iſa. Come, you are ſuch a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you ſuſpect there's ſome amour between 'em; there can be nothing in't it is ſo open: pray obſerve.

Burr. But, How come you ſo officious, Madam; you, that e'r now had a deſign upon Sir *Timorous* for your ſelf?

Iſa. I thought you had a better opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earneſt. My Couſin may do what ſhe pleaſes, but he ſhall never pin himſelf upon me aſſure him.

Conſt. } Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a perſon he has employ-
to *Fail.* } ed in making love: ——— *(aloud)*

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Conſtance*, what's the meaning of that you ſay to *Failer.*

Fail. What luck was this, that he ſhould over-hear you! Pax on't!

Conſt. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that ſatisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you pleaſe.

Tim. The Raſcal has betray'd me.

Iſa. In earneſt, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr*, be Pacify'd; you are a perſon I have an honour for; and this change of Affairs ſhall not be the worſe for you I gad Sir.

Conſt. Bear up reſolutely, Mr. *Failer*, and maintain my Favours, as becomes my ſervant.

Burr. He maintain 'em! go you *Judas!* I'll teach you what 'tis to play faſt and looſe with a man of War. [*Kicks him.*

Tim. Lay it on, *Burr.*

Iſa. Spare him not, *Burr.*

Conſt. Fear him not, *Servant.*

Fail. Oh, oh, would no body were on my ſide; here I am prais'd I vow to gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Conſt. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but come not near me to night, while I'm in wrath. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Conſt. Come, Sir; How fare you after your ſore Trial: you bore it with a moſt heroick patience.

Iſa. Brave man at Arms, but weak to *Balthazer!*

Fail. I hope to gad, Madam, you'l conſider the merit of my ſufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that perſon in the World.—

Conſt. Heaven reward you for't: I never ſhall.

Fail. How Madam!

Iſa. Art thou ſuch an Aſs as not to perceive thou art abuſed; this beating I contriv'd

contriv'd for you: you know upon what account; and have yet another or two at your ſervice: yield up the Knight in time 'tis your beſt courſe.

Fail. Then, does not your Ladyſhip love me, Madam?

Conſt. Yes, yes, I love to ſee you beaten.

Iſa. Well, methinks now you have had a hard bargain on't: you have loſt your Cully, Sir *Timorous*, and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a poor beating: but I'll ſee it mended againſt next time for you.

[*Exeunt* Conſtance, *and* Iſabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am ſo much amazed, I vow to gad, I do not underſtand my own condition. [*Exit* Failer.

Enter Loveby *ſolus in the dark*; *his Sword drawn*; *groping out his way* —

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil I am to meet, for no mortal Creature could have that kindneſs for me, to ſupply my neceſſities as he has done, nor could have done it in ſo ſtrange a manner: he told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parſon in the Fanaticks times; a ſhrewd ſuſpition it was the Devil; or at leaſt a limb of him. If the Devil can ſend Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy upon the Laiety! Well, let every Man ſpeak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honeſt and well-natur'd Fellow: and if I hear any Man ſpeak ill of him, (except it be a Parſon that gets his living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: yet for all this I do not much care to ſee him. He does not mean to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? if he does, I ſhall deſire to be excus'd. But what a Rogue am I, to ſuſpect a Perſon that has dealt ſo like a Gentleman by me? he comes to bring me Money, and would do it handſomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: let it be as 'twill, I'll ſeem to truſt him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will ſcorn to deceive me, as much as I would to couſin him, if I were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to night! I am juſt in the condition of an outlying-Deer, that's beaten from his walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for *Burr*.

Lov. I hear a Voice, but nothing do I ſee; ſpeak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: I muſt venture to run by him; and when I am in, I hope my Couſin *Trice* will defend me: the Devil would not lie abroad in ſuch a night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himſelf.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *Arms.*

Lov. Honeſt Sathan! well encounter'd! I am ſorry with all my heart it is ſo dark: 'Faith I ſhould be very glad to ſee thee at my Lodging; prithee let's not be ſuch ſtrangers to one another for the time to come; and, what haſt thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan; I warrant thou haſt brought me ſome more Money.

Fail. Help; help; Thieves, Thieves. [Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failer*'s Voice: How the Devil was I miſtaken! I muſt get off, e'er Company comes in. [*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undreſs'd.*

All. Where ! where !

Fail. One was here juſt now ; and it ſhould be *Loveby* by his Voice ; but I have no Witneſs.

Trice. It cannot be ; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah ; I'll take pity on you to night ; you ſhall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice. Pox o' this noiſe, it has diſturb'd me from ſuch a Dream of Eating.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

Conſtance, *and* Iſabelle.

Conſt. 'Twas ill luck to have the meeting broke laſt night, juſt as *Setſtone* was coming towards him.

Iſa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleaſure of putting him on farther ſtreights, O, theſe little miſchiefs are meat and drink to me.

Conſt. He ſhall tell me from whence he has his Money : I am reſolv'd now to try him to the utmoſt.

Iſa. I would deviſe ſomething for him to do, which he could not poſſibly perform.

Conſt. As I live, yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promis'd me ; prithee leave me alone with him.

Iſa. Speed the Plough ; if I can make no ſport, I'll hinder none : I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timorous* ; ſhortly you ſhall hear news from *Damætas.* [*Ex.* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you, Madam, here's the Jewel ; do me the favour to accept it, and ſuppoſe a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Conſt. Believe me a very fair Jewel : but, Why will you be at this needleſs Charge ? What acknowledgment do you expect ? you know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that ? I do not conceive my ſelf under correction, ſo inconſiderable a Perſon.

Conſt. You'll alter your partial Opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flaſh of Wit fires me, nor is it a gay out-ſide can ſeduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd ſo much as to be deſpicable. What do I want ?

Conſt. A good Eſtate, that makes every thing handſome ; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel expreſs Poverty ?

Conſt. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention : How came you by this Jewel ?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher ; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setſtone*, if I did not buy it of him ?

Conſt.

Conſt. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth ſo near a lie; but, Where had you the Money that purchas'd it? come, ——— without circumſtances and preambles.———

Lov. Umh, ——— perhaps that may be a ſecret.

Conſt. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Miſtreſs.

Lov. Why ſhould you be thus importunate?

Conſt. Becauſe I cannot think you love me, if you will not truſt that to my knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beſide.

Lov. You urge me deeply———

Conſt. Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me; I am reſolv'd to take no denial: Why do you ſigh?

Lov. If I be blaſted it muſt out.

Conſt. Either tell me, or reſolve to take your leave for ever.

Lov. Then know I have my means, I know not how.

Conſt. This is a fine ſecret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know; 'tis from the Devil; I have Money from him, what, and when I pleaſe.

Conſt. Have you ſeal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No ſuch thing intended on my part.

Conſt. How then?

Lov. I know not yet what conditions he'll propoſe: I ſhould have ſpoke with him laſt night, but that a croſs chance hinder'd it.

Conſt. Well, my opinion is, ſome great Lady that is in Love with you, ſupplies you ſtill; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to ſhadow your infidelity.

Lov. Deviſe ſome means to try me.

Conſt. I take you at your Word; you ſhall ſwear freely to beſtow on me, whatever you ſhall gain this unknown-way; and for a proof, becauſe you tell me you can have Money, what, and when you pleaſe; bring me an hundred pounds e'r night: [If I do marry him for a Wit, I'll ſee what he can do; he ſhall have none from me.] [*Aſide.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you ſhall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Conſt. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a croſs that I have; or know where to get; but I muſt promiſe well to ſave my credit: now Devil, if thou do'ſt forſake me! [*Aſide.*

Conſt. I miſtruſt you; and therefore if you fail, I'll have your hand to ſhow againſt you; here's Ink and Paper. [Loveby *Writes.*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Burr. What makes *Loveby* yonder? he's Writing ſomewhat.

Tim. I'll go ſee——— [*Looks over him*

Lov. Have you no more manners than overlook a man when he's a Writing? ———Oh, Is't you, Sir *Timorous*? you may ſtand ſtill; now I think on't you cannot read Written hand.

Burr. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous*.

Lov. So I am with his Companions, Sir.

Burr. Then there's hopes you and I may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title? as you are an Aſs, Sir?

Conſt. No more *Loveby.*———

Lov. I need not Madam? alaſs this Fellow is only the Sollicitor of a quarrel, till he has brought it to an head; and will leave the fighting part to the Courteous pledger. Do not I know theſe fellows? you ſhall as ſoon perſwade a Maſtiff to faſten on a Lyon, as one of theſe to ingage with a Courage above their own: they know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter Failer *at a diſtance.*

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reaſonable ſumm; that I were Friends with *Burr*: if I am not, I ſhall loſe Sir *Timorous.*

Conſt. O, Servant, have I ſpyed you! let me run into your Arms.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Conſtance*: I vow to gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr.*

Enter Nonſuch *and* Iſabelle.

Conſt. Hold, Gentlemen; no ſign of quarrel!

Non. O friends! I think I ſhall go mad with grief, I have loſt more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: that's all the harm I wiſh my ſelf: your Servant Madam; I go about the buſineſs.——— [*Exit* Loveby.

Non. What? Does he take no pitty on me?

Conſt. Prithee moan him, *Iſabelle.*

Iſa. Alas alas poor Nunckle! could they find in their hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred pounds out of poor ſix thouſand pounds a year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own Houſe you think is clear, my Lord?

Conſt. I dare anſwer for all there, as much as for my ſelf.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be friends with me, I'll try what I can perſwade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will dear heart.

Fail. Your own Houſe being clear, my Lord; I am apt to ſuſpect this *Loveby* for ſuch a perſon: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer*, but why ſhould I ſuſpect him? his carriage is fair, and his means great: he could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: he has no land to my knowledge.

Burr. Well ſaid miſchief.——— [*Aſide.*

Conſt. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind ſide of him, would *Loveby* heard him!—— [*To* Iſab.

Fail. He has no Means, and he loſes at Play: ſo that for my part, I proteſt to gad, I am reſolved he picks Locks for his Living.

Burr. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main argument for ſuſpition.

Fail.

Fail. I remember once when the Keyes of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the Rump-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breaſt of Mutton

Non. Who, this *Loveby*?

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards morning, he Plucks me out, I vow to gad I tell you no lie, four-teen-peny-Nailes from the Dairy-Lock with his teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and knocks me 'em in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Conſt. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s worth, upon the bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer*.

Non. Hold thy tongue, I charge thee; upon my bleſſing hold thy tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer*.

Fail. Burr, Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Conſt. I'll watch you, by your favour. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous*.

Burr. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come up, [*Gets behind.*] to him, but when ſhe is juſt ready to pinch he ſhall give ſuch a looſe from her, ſhall break her heart.

Iſa. Burr there ſtill, and watching us? there's certainly ſome Plot in this, but I'll turn it to my own advantage. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Did you mark *Burr*'s retirement, Madam?

Iſa. I; his guilt it ſeems makes him ſhun your Company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Iſa. You muſt needs know it; he Courts your Miſtriſs.

Tim. Is he too, in love with my Lady *Conſtance*;

Iſa. No, no; but which is worſe, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, what have I to do with you? you know I care not this for you.

Iſa. Perhaps ſo; but he thought you did: and good reaſon he had for it.

Tim. What reaſon, Madam?

Iſa. The moſt convincing in the World: he knew my Couſin *Conſtance* never lov'd you: he has heard her ſay, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Townſop judging a new Play: as ſhamefac'd as a great over-grown School-Boy: in fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your Eſtate, and Sacrificed to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Couſin ſo barbarous to ſay this?

Iſa. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my ſuit to her?

Iſa. For that I muſt excuſe him; he never thought you could love one of my Couſin's humor: but took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: and being poſſeſſed with that opinion, he thought himſelf as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not half ſo worthy; and ſo I'll tell him in a fair way.

Burr *to a* Boy, *entring.*] Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Iſabelle*; but be not known I am ſo near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Burr. Now fortune all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindness between her and me, it will ruine all her Projects.

Isa. To the *Boy.* From whom?

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Isabelle reads. These for Madam *Isabelle.*

Dear Rogue.

Sir Timorous *knows nothing of our kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have designs upon him; it will hide thy affection the better to thy Servant* Burr.

Isa. Alas poor Woodcock, dost thou go a birding: thou hast e'n set a Spring to catch thy own neck: look you here Sir *Timorous*; here's something to confirm what I have told you. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Tim. D, e, a, re, Dear, R, o, g, u, e, Ro-gue. Pray Madam read it: this written hand is such a damned pedantique thing I could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robbed you of me: Lord, Lord! to see the malice of a man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistris indeed.

Isab. Your Mistris? why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Mistris from the first day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me meerly to defeat you: look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuit behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue: now could I find in my heart to marry you in spight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Isa. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own conditions (*Aside.*) Sir *Timorous*, I wish you well; but he I marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Country, like a wild beast in the wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you Company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early hunting matches there; to have my sleep disturbed by break of day, with high *Fowler*, *Fowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! and then a serenade of deep mouth'd Currs, to answer the salutation of the Huntsman, as if Hell were broke loose about me: and all this to meet a pack of Gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad-men, for the immortal fame of being first in at the Hares death: to come upon the spur after a trayl at four in the afternoon to destruction of cold meat and cheese, with your lewd company in boots; fall a drinking till Supper-time, be carried to bed, rop'd out of your Cellar, and be good for nothing all the night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you, and that is a very poor request, to have all the money in my disposing.

Tim. How, all the Money?

Isa.

Isa. I, for I am sure I can Huswife it better for your honour; not but that I shall be willing to encourage you with pocket money, or so, sometimes.

Tim. This is somewhat hard.

Isa. Nay, if a Woman cannot do that, I shall think you have an ill opinion of my virtue: not trust your own flesh and blood, Sir *Timorous*!

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Isa. Nothing more, only the choice of my own Company, my own hours, and my own actions: these trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your most obedient Wife and Servant *Isabelle*.

Tim. Is't a match then?

Isa. For once I am content it shall; but 'tis to redeem you from those Rascals *Burr.* and *Failer*————that way Sir *Timorous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden door.———— [*Exit* Timorous.

Sola. I have led all Women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, if I can scape but spying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. [*Exit* Isa.

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr!* whither is it Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Isabelle* are gone together?

Burr. Adore my wit, Boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I saw 'em meet just now at the Garden door: so ho, ho, ho, who's within there: help here quickly, quickly.

Enter Nonsuch *and two Servants.*

Nonsu. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Niece *Isabelle* has stolen away Sir *Timorous*.

Nonsu. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll shew you.

Nonsu. Break your necks after him, you idle Varlets. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band carelesly on, Hat on the Table, as new rising from sleep.*

Lov. Boy, how long have I slept Boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half, Sir.

Lov. What's a Clock, Sirrah?

Boy. Near four, Sir.

Lov. Why there's it: I have promised my Lady *Constance* an hundred pounds e'r night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engaged to do it; and I have slept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this money lies within the compass of that Hat there.—before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my finger, and write a note in the blood of it, to this same Friend of mine in t'other World, that uses to supply me, the Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have slept, to give him the better opportunity: time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *East-Indies*, out of one of his Temples where they Worship him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go so far; 'twere but stepping over Sea, and borrow-

ing

ing ſo much Money, out of his own Bank at *Amſterdam*! hang't, what's an hundred pounds between him and me.—— Now does my heart go pit a pat, for fear I ſhould not find the Money there: I would fain lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: yet a plague, why ſhould I fear he'll fail me; the name of friend's a ſacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that:—— methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: if one could ſee the yellow Boys peeping underneath the Brims now: ha! (*Looks under round about*) in my conſcience I think I do: ſtand out o'th' way, Sirrah, and be ready to gather up the pieces that will fluſh out of the Hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Maſter mad trow?

Loveby ſnatches up the Hat, looks in it haſtily, and ſees nothing but the Paper.]

Now the Devil, take the Devil: ah Plague! was ever man ſerv'd as I am? (*throws his Hat upon the ground*) to break the bonds of Amity for 100 pieces: well, it ſhall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'ſt, Devil: I'll turn Parſon, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedneſs of all people upon thee, though thou art never ſo innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gameſters, that they ſhall not dare to ſwear, curſe or bubble; nay, I'll ſet thee out ſo, that thy very Uſurers and Aldermen ſhall fear to have to do with thee. [*A noiſe within of* Iſabelle *and* Frances.

Enter Frances, *thruſting back* Iſabelle *and* Timorous.

Fran. How now, what's the matter?

Iſa. Nay, ſweet Miſtreſs be not ſo hard-hearted; all I deſire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that ſmall ſuccour to a Gentlewoman.

Fran. A Gentlewoman! I thought ſo, my houſe affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: you are a company of proud Hallottries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradeſmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this, Madam *Iſabelle?*

Iſa. Mr. *Loveby*! how happy am I to meet with you in my diſtreſs!

Lov. What's the matter, Madam?

Iſa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No, Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are ſuch as we maintain your pride, as they ſay. Our Husbands truſt } Iſabelle, } *Whiſper.* you, and you muſt go before their Wives, I am ſure } Loveby, } my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings but he comes home the worſe for it, as they ſay.

Lov. Is that all! prithee good Landlady, for my ſake, entertain my Friends.

Franc. If the Gentlemans Worſhip had come alone, it may be I might have entertained him; but for your Minion!

Enter Nonſuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: A cry within here, here.*

Fail. My Lord, arreſt Sir *Timorous*, upon a promiſe of Marriage to your Daughter, and we'll witneſs it.

Timor. Why, what a ſtrange thing of you's this Madam *Iſabelle*, to bring a man into trouble thus?

Fail. You are not yet Married to her?

Tim. Not that I remember.

Iſabelle.

Iſabelle. Well, *Failer*, I ſhall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I ſhould have taught ſome of you more manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my heart, this Minx is prevented of her deſign: the Gentleman had got a great catch of her, as they ſay. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thanks for't, to ſee him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dreſſing-box, and a handful of Money to her Portion.

Iſa. Good Miſtreſs whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradeſmens Wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a She-Citizen to be forced to have Children by her own Huſband!

Franc. Come, come, you'r a ſlanderful Huswife, and I ſquorn your hallottry trick, that, I do, ſo I do.

Iſa. Steeple Hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to Dinner; who if he caſts an amorous Eye towards you; then, truſt him good Husband, ſweet Husband, truſt him for my ſake: verily the Gentleman's an honeſt man, I read it in his countenance: and if you ſhould not be at home to receive the Money, I know he will pay the debt to me. Is't not ſo Miſtreſs?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his neck.*

Franc. Will you ſee me wronged thus, under my own roof, as they ſay, *William*?

Iſa. Nay, 'tis very true Miſtreſs: you let the men with old Complements take up new Cloaths: I do not mean your Wives Cloaths, Mr. Merchant-Taylor.

Bibb. Good i'faith! a notable ſmart Gentlewoman!

Iſa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time ſhe may undo your Trade: for ſhe'll get all your men-Cuſtomers to her ſelf.

Bibb. And I ſhould be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

[*He plucks out his Meaſure, and runs to* Iſabelle, *to take meaſure of her.*

Iſa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bibber *on his knees.*

I muſt beg your Ladyſhip e'n to have the honour to truſt you but for your Gown, for the ſake of that laſt jeſt. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: I ſhall run mad if I may not truſt your Ladyſhip.

Franc. I think you are mad already, as they ſay, *William*: you ſhall not truſt her—— [*Plucks him back.*

Bibb. Let me alone, *Frances*; I am a Lyon when I am Anger'd.

Iſa. Pray do not pull your Lyon by the tail ſo Miſtreſs.——In theſe Cloaths that he now takes meaſure of me for, will I marry Sir *Timorous*, mark that, and tremble, *Failer*.

Fail. Never threaten me, Madam, you'r a Perſon I deſpiſe.

Iſa. I vow to gad I'll be even with you, Sir. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Nonſuch *to the Bailiffs.*——And when you have arreſted him, be ſure you Search him for my gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arreſt you Sir, at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me, you Raſcals!

Non.

Non. Search him for my gold? you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd gold about me; they'll find more than I can, You expect I ſhould reſiſt now; no, no, I'll hamper you for this.——

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to Priſon with him; there all his debts will come upon him.

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bibb. Now as I live, a pleaſant Gentleman; I could find in my heart to bail him; but I'll overcome my ſelf, and ſteal away. [*Is going.*

Bail Come, Sir, we muſt provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'l ſcarce like it.

Lov. If I do not, I ask no favour, pray turn me out of doors.

Bibb. Turn him out of doors! What a jeſt was there? Now and I ſhould be hang'd I cannot forbear Bayling him. Stay Officers; I bail him Body and Soul for that Jeſt.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.* [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You ſhall not Bayl him.

Bibb. I know I am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevailed upon me, and a man muſt not go againſt his Conſcience. There Officers.

Lov. to *Non.* Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter.

Non. Well, well; take your courſe, Sir. [*Exit* Nonſuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come, *Will.* I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Franc. Do your worſt, I fear you not, Sir. This is twice to day, *William*; to truſt a Gentlewoman and Bail a Ragamuffin: I am ſure he call'd you Cuckold but yeſterday, and ſaid he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, I am a man of Honour, and if I ſaid it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bibb. There he was with you again, *Frances*: an excellent good jeſt I'faith la.

Fran. I'll not endure it, that I won't, ſo I won't, I'll go to the Juſtice Worſhip and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudiced by it. Have any of his Cuſtomers forſook him for't? or, any Mercer refuſed to truſt him the leſs, for my calling him ſo?

Franc. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no ſlander among one another; as they ſay; but for the Gentlemen.——

Lov. Will, Have they forſaken thee upon it?

Bibb. No, I aſſure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant 'em: a Cuckold has the ſignification of an honeſt well meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealouſies or ſuſpitions; a juſt perſon to his Wife, *&c.* one that to ſpeak the worſt of him, does but to her, what he would be content ſhould be done to her by other men.

Franc. But that another man ſhould be the Father of his Children, as they ſay; I don't think that a civil thing, Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! Why all things are civil that are made ſo by Cuſtom.

Bibb.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I or any man?

Franc. But if thoſe Children, that are none of yours, ſhould call you Father, *William*!

Bibb. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to 'em.

Franc. Nay, If that be your humour, Husband, I am glad I know it, that I may pleaſe you the better another time, as they ſay. [*Exit* Frances.

Bibb. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis ſuch another Woman. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch another Man.——My Coat and Sword *Boy*, I muſt go to Juſtice *Trice*'s; bring the Women, and come after me. [*Exit* Loveby.

ACT IV.

Table ſet with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *walking*: *Enter* Servant.

Serv. SIR, ſome Company is without upon Juſtice-buſineſs.

Trice. Sawcy Raſcal, to diſturb my Meditations. [*Exit* Servant.——I, it ſhall be he: *Jack Loveby*, what think'ſt thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fiſt! you and I will play one ſingle Game for ten Pieces, 'tis deep ſtake *Jack*, but 'tis all one between us two: you ſhall Deal, *Jack*: who I, Mr. Juſtice, that's a good one, you muſt give me uſe for your hand then; that's ſix i'th hundred? Come, lift, lift, mine's a ten; Mr. Juſtice:——mine's a King, oh ho, *Jack* you Deal. I have the advantage of this I'faith, if I can keep it.

He Deals 12 a piece; 2 by 2.

And looks on his own Cards.

I take ſeven, and look on this——Now for you, *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? am I the man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as I am an honeſt Man you muſt diſcard this, there's no other way: if you were my own Brother I could do no better for you.——Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand.——

Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; what am I for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point, 20, and 3 by Aces, 23. well, I am to play firſt: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23.——Pox on't, now I muſt play into his hand: 5——now you take it *Jack*, 5, 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my ſide.——

Trice. Now I Deal: How many do you take *Jack*? All? then I am gone: What a riſe is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without

looking into my Cards.——— I, I thought ſo: if ever Man Play'd with ſuch curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damned Ace———there's your ten peices, with a pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Raſcal, as you are. *Takes up an Ace and bites it.*

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occaſions have I given you for theſe words, Sir? Rook and Raſcal! I am no more Raſcal than your ſelf, Sir.

Trice. How's this, how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, becauſe I am a winner.

[*Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'ſt thou put up? not my Gold I hope, *Jack.*

Lov. By your Favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confeſſion.———What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice Well, remember this *Jack*; from this hour I forſwear playing with you when I am alone; What, will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a farthing, *Juſtice*: I'll be judged by you, if I had loſt you would have taken every piece on't: what I win, I win———and there's an end.

[*Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, theſe People ſtay without, and will not be anſwer'd.

Trice. Well, what's their buſineſs?

Serv. Nay, no great matter; only a fellow for getting a Wench with Child.

Trice. No great matter ſaiſt thou? Faith but it is: is he a poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately; muſt ſuch as he preſume to get Children?

Lov. Well conſider'd: a poor louſie Raſcal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have paſſed his time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit ſport for ſuch as he; Juſtice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Juſtice will I not.

Lov. Swear'ſt thou, ungracious Boy? that's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I drink not, I curſe not, I Cheat not; they are unneceſſary Vices: I ſave ſo much out of thoſe Sins, and take it out in that one neceſſary Vice of Wenching.

[*Enter* Loveby's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring 'em in Boy.

[*Enter Lady* Du-Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Juſtice I recommend this antient Gentlewomen, with theſe virtuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, ſhe is a perſon of exemplary life and behaviour; of ſingular conduct to break through, and patience to bear the aſſaults of Fortune: a general Benefactreſs of Mankind, and in fine, a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Tranſlation hath it, a very ſufficient and ſingular good Bawd: is't not ſo *Boy*?

Lov. I, Boy: Now for ſuch a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to perſecute this Lady: prithee think on't: 'tis a grievance of the free-born Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To ſee the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have ſpent my youth, ſet at nought my Fortune, and what is more dear to me, my honour, in the ſervice of Gentlemen; ſhould now in my old age be left to want and beggary, as if I were the vileſt, and moſt unworthy creature upon God's Earth. [*Crying.*

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it ſo bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confeſs the unkindneſs of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou ſhalt not want ſo long as I live: look, here's five Peices of Cordial Gold to comfort thy heart with, I won it e'n now of Mr. Juſtice; and I dare ſay he thinks it well beſtow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very pious uſes.

L. *Dulake,* (Laying her hand on *Loveby's* head.)

Son *Loveby,* I knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and I could weep for joy to ſee how thou tak'ſt after them. (*Weeping again*) I wiſh it lay in my power too, to gratifie this worthy Juſtice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith I doubt I am paſt that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magiſtrate drink to her, and wipe ſorrow from her eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

[*She Drinks after him, and ſtays at half-Glaſs.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the the bottom; but Heaven is alſo ſufficient to give me ſtrength for it; [*Drinks it up.*

Why, God's Bleſſing on your heart, Son *Trice.* I hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby,* I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the ſame years; let me ſee Son if Nature be utterly extinct in you: are you tickliſh, Son *Trice*? [*Tickles him.*

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* [*Tickles her ſides.*

[*She falls of her Chair, he falls off his to her; they rowl one over the other.*

Lov. I would have all *London* now ſhew me ſuch an other ſight of kindneſs in Old Age: [*They help each other up.*

Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk Juſtice, he ſhall make one in ſign of Amity: [*Strike up Fidlers.*

[*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*

Enter Iſabelle *and* Conſtance.

Iſa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? have among you, blind Harpers:

She falls into the Dance.

At the Dances ending Loveby *ſees* Conſtance.

Trice. Is ſhe come! a Pox of all honeſt Women at ſuch a time!

Lov. If ſhe knows who theſe are, by this Light I am undone.

Conſt. Oh Servant, I come to mind you of your promiſe; come, produce my hundred pounds; the time's out I ſet you.

Lov. Not till dark night upon my Reputation: I have not yet ſpoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantalloons; you know he ſeldom walks abroad by day-light. Dear Madam, let me wait on you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this hour, diſcard me utterly.

Conſt. You muſt give me leave to ſalute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Perſons of Quality of my acquaintance; but, I'll make your excuſe to 'em.

Conſt. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality, I ſhall be rude to part from 'em ſo abruptly.

Lov. Why ſo! the Devil ow'd me a ſhame; and now he has paid me. I muſt preſent 'em what e'r come on't. [*Aſide.* This, Madam, is my Lady *Du Lake.*——the Lady *Spring-well*,——The Lady *Hoyden.*

[*She and* Iſabelle *Salute 'em.*

Iſa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! and, What a Garlick breath my Lady *Spring-well* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Juſtice, if you do.——

Iſa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I ſmell a Rat I'faith, but I'll ſay nothing.

Conſt. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all, and account it my happineſs to have met with ſo good Company, at my Couſin *Trice's.*

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Du Lake.* Are theſe two Ladies of your acquaintance, Son *Loveby*?

Lov. Son quoth a! a pox of our Relation.—— [*Aſide.*

L. *Du Lake.* I ſhall be glad to be better known to your Ladyſhips.

Conſt. You too much honour Servants, Madam.

Iſa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down? in what pain he is, well, if theſe be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never ſaw one before.—[*Aſide.*

Lov. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to go, Madam?

Conſt. I muſt beg the favour of theſe Ladies firſt, that I may know their Lodgings, and wait of 'em.

L. *Du Lake.* It will be our Duty to pay our reſpects firſt to your Ladyſhip.

Conſt. I beg your Ladyſhips pardon, Madam——

L. *Du Lake.* Your Ladyſhip ſhall excuſe us, Madam.——

Iſab. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah Devil grin you—— [*Aſide.*

Trice. I muſt go out, and laugh my belly full. [*Exit* Trice.

Conſt. But in earneſt Madam, I muſt have no denyal; I beſeech your Ladyſhip inſtruct me where I may tender my devoyres?

L. *Du Lake.* Since your Ladyſhip commands me, Madam, I dare diſobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Lucknors* Lane, at the Cat and Fiddle.

Conſt. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith Madam, I know not that part o'th' Town.——Lord how I ſweat for fear—— [*Aſide.*

Conſt. And yours Madam, where I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

2*d. Wh.* In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

3*d. Wh.* And mine in *Sodom*, ſo like your Ladyſhip.

Conſt.

Const. How *Loveby*! I did not think you would have us'd me thus!

Lov. I beſeech your Ladyſhip but hear my Juſtification as I lead you.

Const. By no means, Sir; that were ſuch a rudeneſs to leave perſons of quality, to wait upon me: unhand me Sir.

Iſa. Ha, ha, ha.—— [*Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ruin'd, Plague had you no Places in the Town to Name but *Sodom*, and *Lucknors Lane* for Lodgings!

L. *Du Lake.* If any prejudice ariſe from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by miſtake, and not intended you: I thought ſhe deſir'd to have been admitted of the quality.

Lov. I was curſt when I had firſt to do with you—— [*Kicks 'em.*

L. *Du Lake.* Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with ſuch patience. [*Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his Boy.*

Lov. I have made a fair hand on't to day—both loſt my Miſtreſs, and hear no News from my Friend below: the World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Miſtreſs have forſake me: my Godfathers and Godmothers have promiſed well for me: inſtead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I ſaw my Lady *Conſtance* ſmile as ſhe went out: I am confident ſhe's Angry but from the teeth outwards; you might eaſily make fair weather with her, if you could get the Money you promis'd her, but there's the Devil——

Lov. Where is he Boy? ſhew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bleſs us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damn'd Rogue to put me in hope ſo.——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds ſo, look where *Bibber* is: now I think on't, he offer'd me a bag of forty pounds, and the Leaſe of his Houſe yeſterday: but that's his Pocky humour, when I have Money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing——turn this way Sirrah, and make as though we did not ſee him.

Bibb. Our Gentleman I thing a talking with his Boy there.——

Lov. You underſtand me——

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No News yet; what an unlucky Raſcal 'tis! if the Rogue ſhould hereafter be reduced to the raiment of his own Shreds, I ſhould not pitty him——

Bibb. How's this!

Lov. Now is this Raſcal hunting after jeſts, to make himſelf the greateſt to all that know him.

Bib. This muſt be.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him, I have ſearched him in all his haunts; amongſt his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the leaſt jeſt, I have viſited the Coffee-Houſes for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him. [Bib. *Good I'faith.*

Lov. Where's the warrant, I'll put in my own name, ſince I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next door becauſe I could not write, to fill up the Blank place with Mr. *Bibber*'s Name.

Lov.

Lov. What an unlucky vermin 'tis? now for an 100 *l.* could I have gratified him with a waiter's Place at Cuſtom-houſe, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the nail.

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo, Sir? give me your hand, and I thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby.*

Lov. Art thou honeſt *Will*? faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: I wiſh I had the money for thee.

Bib. How much is't Sir?

Lov. An hundred pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee forty I have already by me; take that in part Sir;——and that, and the Leaſe of my Houſe would over do-it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: ne'er ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft wax: thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt, Boy.

Bib. Why then I will, Sir: ——but ſtay, ſtay; now I think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam Gold an Aunt left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we could get that, Mr. *Loveby*——but ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-woman's place in the Cuſtom-houſe: Boy go and tell her on't immediately. [*Exit* Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court that ſhe might take place as the Queen's Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep counſel. The worſt on't is, I have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; 'tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. I can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chous'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here, *Will.*

[*Enter* Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-womans place in the Cuſtom-Houſe! there's news for me! thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental I hear of my preferment.

Lov. No 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O gemini! that's better news.

Bib. I, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred pieces: I can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it: and the Courtiers are ſuch ſlippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it preſently; oh how my hearts quops now, as they ſay: I'll fetch it preſently: ſweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs can be done, it ſhall be a good thing in your Worſhips way I promiſe you: O the Father! that it could be done: O ſweet father! [Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mr. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibber's* name into the Warrant.

Bibb. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy, I muſt call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber.*

Bibb. An Order for the admiſſion of the Illuſtrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majeſties ſervice.

Franc.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my ſelf; I am ſure my Money pays for it as they ſay. Theſe are the fineſt words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken ſhew me where Madam is Written that I my kiſs it all over. I ſhall make bold now to bear up to theſe flirting Gentlewomen, that ſweep it up and down with their long tails. I thought my ſelf as good as they when I was as I was, but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady diſpatch, and bring the Money.———

Franc. Truly in the place of a Dreſſer, I dare be bold to ſay, as they ſay; I ſhall give their Majeſties Worſhips good content: I'll go fetch it. ———

[*Exit* Frances.

Bibb. We muſt keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when ſhe has once ſmoak'd it, I have no other way but to retreat into the body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-men, and never come out into her preſence more: Where will you be at nine a Clock, Sir, that we my rejoyce over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Houſe, and I'll go with you.

Bibb. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph I'faith. [*Exit* Bibb.

Lov. Lord. how eager this Vermin was to cheat himſelf: well, I'll after, I long to finger theſe Jacobuſes: perhaps they may make my peace again with my Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonſuch.
Conſtance *and* Iſabelle *liſtning.*

Fail. I Vow to Gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the moſt dejected perſon in the World, and ſo full of regret for what is paſt. 'Twas his misfortunes to be drawn in by ſuch a Perſon as Madam *Iſabelle.*

Non. 'Tis well his Eſtate pleads for him; he ſhould ne'r ſet foot more within my doors elſe.

Fail. I'll be ſecurity for him for time to come: leave it to me get the Licence: all I deſire is, your Daughter may be ready to morrow morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonſuch.

Iſa. You heard the dreadful ſound [To morrow] Couſin.

Conſt. I would not throw my ſelf away upon this Fool, if I could help it.

Iſa. Better marry a Tertian Ague then a Fool, that's certain; there's one good day and night in that.

Conſt. And yet thou art mad of him thy ſelf.

Iſa. Nay, the Fool is a handſome Fool, that's ſomewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glaſs Coach, and ſix *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Conſt. Prithee do not mind me of 'em; for though I want 'em not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: one grain more would turn the ballance on his ſide; I am ſo vexed at the wild courſes of this *Loveby.*

Iſa. Vex'd? Why vex'd? the worſt you can ſay of him, is, he loves Women: and ſuch make the kindeſt Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look ſo much whether the Man were an honeſt Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good ſufficient Pay-maſter.

Enter

Enter Setſtone.

Conſt. As I live thou art a mad Girl.

Set. She muſt be us'd as Mad-folks are then; had into the dark and cur'd.

Conſt. But, all this is no comfort to the word [To morrow.]

Iſa. Well, what ſay you, if I put you to night into the Arms of *Loveby*?

Conſt. My condition's deſperate, and paſt thy Phyſick.

Iſa. When Phyſick's paſt, what remains but to ſend for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus* your Father's Chaplain; I have ſpoke with him already; for a brace of Angels he ſhall make all ſure betwixt you without a Licenſe. I, and prove ten at night a more Canonical hour than ten i'th' Morning.

Conſt. I ſee not which way thou canſt perform it; but if thou do'ſt; I have many admirations in ſtore for thee. [*Whiſpers.*

Iſa. Step in, and get a Cuſhion underneath your Apron.

Conſt. O, I muſt be with Child it ſeems!

Iſa. And *Loveby*, ſhall bring you to Bed to night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: away, make haſte;—— [*Exit* Conſtance.

Setſtone, Be not you far off; I ſhall have need of you too: I hear my Unckle coming.——

Methinks I long to be revenged of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to day: Hark you *Setſtone*.——

Set. 'Tis impoſſible Madam: 'twill never take.

Iſa. I warrant you, Do not I know him? he has not Brains enough, if they were butter'd to feed a black-bird —— Nay, no replyes —— out of what I have ſaid, you may inſtruct my Couſin too. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this afternoon: and but for one thing, I would reſolve to leave your Houſe.

Non. I'm gald there's any thing will ſtay thee.

Iſa. If I ſtay; 'tis for love of my Couſin *Conſtance*, not of you: I ſhould be loath to leave her in this ſad condition!

Non. What condition?

Iſa. Nay, I know not; ſhe has not worn her Busk this fortnight. I think ſhe's grown fat o'th ſudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! what a fright am I in?

Iſa. She has qualms too every morning: ravins mightily for green-fruit; and Swoons at the ſight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Child: I am undone! I am undone!

Iſa. I underſtand nothing of ſuch matters: She's but in the next room: beſt call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Conſtance*, *Conſtance*?

Enter Conſtance *as with Child.*

Iſa. Now for a broad-ſide, turn your prow to him Couſin. [*To her.*

Non. Now Gentlewomen! is this poſſible?

Conſt. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Conſt.

Const. I seldom stir without you, Sir: these Walls most commonly confine me.

Non. These Walls can get no Children; nor these Hangings; though there be Men wrought in 'em.

Isa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Constance*, *Constance*! How, have my gray hairs deserv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Const. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for I will know it; come, the Story.

Const. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whose the Father?

Const. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there so many to't?

Const. So far from that, that there were none at all, to my best Knowledge, Sir.

Non. Wast got by Miracle? who was the Father?

Const. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have lost?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Const. And, Heaven knows who got this: for, on my Conscience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as soon.

Const. That's all I fear, Sir.

Isa. 'Tis strange: and yet 'twere hard, Sir, to suspect my Cousin's Vertue, since we know the House is Haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under Lock and Key but it Miscarries.

Isa. 'Tis not to be believed what these villanous Spirits can do: they go invisible.

Const. First they stole away my Prayer-Book; and a little after that a small Treatise I had against Temptation; and when they were gone, you know, Sir.——

Isa. If there be such doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Child: 'tis certain that none that live within these Walls, but they have Power off; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this Fortnight.

Non. Out Impudence! a Man with Child! why 'tis unnatural.

Isa. I, so is he that got it.

Non. Thou are not in earnest.

Isa. I would I were not; Hark, I hear him groan hither: come in poor *Toby*.

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! what have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't please your Worship 'tis my Water; I had a spice o'th' New Disease here I'th' House, and so carried it to Master Doctor.

Non. Well; and what did he say to you?

Tob. He told me very sad News, and please you: I am somewhat bashful to speak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truly he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Isa. I told you so; Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' heart of me.

Isa. Alass poor *Toby*.

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery, Sirrah. You shall not stay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship, be good to me; 'twas the first Fault I ever Committed in this kind: I have three Poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a New Charge upon my self——

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If I must go, I'll not go alone: *Ambrose Tinis* the Cook is as Bad as I am.

Non. I think you'l make me mad: Call the Rascal hither, I must account with him upon another score now I think on't.

Enter Ambrose Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you send a Pheasant with one wing to the Table Yesterday?

Amb. I beseech your Worship to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Isa. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beseech your Worship let me have a Boy to help me in the Kitchen; for I find my self unable to go through with the Work: besides the Doctor has warn'd me of stooping to the fire, for fear of a mischance.

Non. Why, are you with Child, Sirrah!

Amb. So he tells me: but if I were put to my Oath, I know not that ever I deserv'd for't.

Non. Still worse and worse: and here comes *Setstone* groaning.

Enter Setstone.

Set. O Sir, I have been so troubled with swooning fits; and have so long'd for Cherries.

Non. He's Poopt to.

Isa. Well, this is not the worst yet: I suspect something more; than I will speak on.

Non. What dost thou suspect, ha!

Isa. Is not your Lordship with Child too?

Non. Who, I with Child! Marry Heaven forbid: what dost thou see by me to ground it on?

Isa. You'r very Round of late; that's all, Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good stomach of late I'm sure.

Isa. Alass, and well you may: you eat for two, Sir.

Non. *Setstone*, Look upon me, and tell me true: do you observe any alteration in me?

Set. I would not dishearten your Ladyship:——your Lordship I would say: but

but I have obſerv'd of late, your colour goes and comes extreamly: Methinks your Lordſhip looks very ſharp; and bleak i'th' Face, and mighty puff i'th' Body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched men that we are all: nothing grieves me, but that in my old Age, when others are paſt Child-Bearing, I ſhall come to be a diſgrace to my Family.

Con. How do you, Sir? your Eyes look wondrous dim: is not there a miſt before 'em?

Iſa. Do you not feel a Kicking in your belly? when do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! Me-thinks I am very ſick o'th' ſudden.

Iſa. What ſtore of old ſhirts have you againſt the good time? ſhall I give you a ſhift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine Charge towards: we ſhall all be brought to Bed together: well, if I be with Devil I will have ſuch Goſſips; an Uſurer and a Scrivener ſhall be Godfathers.

Iſa. I'll help you Nuncle, and *Saundyes* two Grannies ſhall be Godmothers: the Child ſhall be Chriſtned by the Directory, and the Goſſips Gift ſhall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Conſt. Set. Non. Toby, Ambr. Uh, uh, uh!

Iſa. What rare muſick's here!

Non. When e'r it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain.

Set. Beſt take a vomit.

Iſa. And't come upward the horns will choak him.

Non. Maſs and ſo they will.

Iſa. Your only way is to make ſure o'th' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Childs diſhonour troubles me the moſt: if I could but ſee her well married before I underwent the labour and peril of Child-Bearing—— What would you adviſe, Niece?

Iſa. That which I am very loath to do: ſend for honeſt *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth on't: he's a fellow without a Fortune, and will be gald to leap at the occaſion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the World? 'tis but ſtaying till to Morrow, and then Sir *Timorous* will marry her.

Con. Uh! I ſwell ſo faſt, I cannot hide it till to Morrow.

Iſa. Why there's it now.

Non. I'll ſend for the old Alderman *Getwel* immediately: he'll Father the Devil's Baſtard I warrant you.

Iſa. Fie Nuncle! my Couſin's ſome what too good yet for an Alderman; if it were her third Child, ſhe might hearken to you.

Non. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, *Setſtone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuſe to him for the arreſt, and let him know what fortune may attend him.

Iſa. Mr. *Setſtone*, pray acquaint him with my Couſins affection to him; and Prepare him to Father the Cuſhion underneath her Petticoat. [*Aſide to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great Belly with your Hat, that he may not ſee it.

Non. It goes againſt my heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what muſt be, muſt be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcom'ſt Man alive: you met *Setſtone* I hope, that you came ſo opportunely.

Lov. No faith Madam, I came of my own accord.

Iſa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you Madam, I have brought the 100*l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a clock at a Play-houſe: here 'tis right I warrant it without telling: I took it upon his word——— [*Gives it.*

Con. Your kindneſs ſhall be requited, Servant: but I ſent for you upon another buſineſs: Pray Couſin tell't him, for I am aſhamed to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great belly I hope! is't come to that?

Iſa. Hark you, Mr. *Loveby*,———a word with you.

Lov. A word with you Madam: whither is your Couſin bound?

Iſa. Bound, Sir?

Lov. I, bound; look you, ſhe's under ſail, with a luſty fore-wind.

Non. I ſent for you Sir, but to be plain with you, 'twas more out of neceſſity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill nature: you forget the arreſt that I paſſed by: but this 'tis to be civil to unthankfull perſons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd dog, that ſnarles while he takes the victuals from your hand.

Non. All Friends, all Friends: no ripping up old ſtories; you ſhall have my Daughter.

Lov. Faith I ſee your Lordſhip would let Lodgings ready furniſh'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almoſt forgot my own great belly; if he ſhould diſcover that too!—— [*Claps his Hat before it.*

Iſa. to *Loveby*. You will not hear me, Sir: 'tis all Roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat Roguery I'll ſwear; if I had been Father on't; nay, if I had but laid my breeches upon the bed, I would have married her: but I ſee we are not ordain'd for one another.——— [*Is going.*

Non. I beſeech you, Sir.——

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Iſa. He does his great belly, methinks——

Non. I'll make it up in money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; I have a Friend that ſhall be nameleſs, that will not ſee me want———and ſo your Servant. [*Exit* Loveby.

Iſa. I'll after, and bring him back———

Non. You ſhall not ſtir after him; does he ſcorn my Daughter.

Iſa. Lord how fretful you are: this breeding makes you ſo peeviſh Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, ſhe ſhall ſtraight be married to Sir *Timorous*.

Conſt. I am ruin'd, Couſin.

Iſa. I warrant you: ——My Lord, I wiſh her well married to Sir *Timorous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the news of her great belly.

Non. I'll diſpatch it e'r he can ſpeak with him.

Iſa. When e'r he comes, he'll ſee what a *bona roba* ſhe is grown.

Non. Therefore it ſhall be done i'th' Evening.

Iſa. It ſhall, my Lord.

Conſt.

Conſt. Shall it?

Iſa. Let me alone Couſin,——and to this Effect ſhe ſhall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modeſty, ſhe deſires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent Wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready. [*Exit* Nonſ.

Conſt. How can you hope to deceive my Father?

Iſa. If I do not, I have hard luck.

Conſt. You go ſo ſtrange a way about it, your bowl muſt be well byaſſed to come in.

Iſa. So plain a ground there's not the leaſt rub in't, I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Con. You'll be ſure to provide for one.

Iſa. You miſtake me, Couſin: Oh! here's *Setſtone* again.

Enter Setſtone.

Mr Jeweller, you muſt again into your Devil's ſhape, and ſpeak with *Love-by*; but pray be careful not to be diſcover'd.

Set. I warrant you Madam, I have conſened wiſer men than he in my own ſhape; and if I cannot continue it in worſe, let the Devil I make bold with, e'n make as bold with me.

Iſa. You muſt guide him by back-ways to my Uncle's Houſe, and ſo to my Couſins Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: the reſt I'll tell you as we go along. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here, here, read this Note; there's news for us.

Fail. Let me ſee't. (*Reads.*)

Sir Timorous,

Be at the Garden door at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my Daughter; to gratifie your modeſty I deſign'd this way, after I had better conſidered on it: and pray leave your Catterpillers, Burr *and* Failer *behind you,*

Yours *Nonſuch.*

There is ſome trick in this, what e'r it be: but this word Catterpillers you ſee *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lur'd from us.——

Bur. Is there no prevention? [*To him aſide.*

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous*, pray walk a turn, while *Burr* and I confer a little upon this matter————Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature I vow to gad: that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this perſon in bounty to you. Obſerve then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will I go, and i'gad I'll marry my Lady *Conſtance*; and then from the bowels of friendſhip bleſs thee with a thouſand pounds, beſides Lodging and Diet for thy life, Boy.———

Burr. Umh——very well thought on.———No Sir, you ſhall truſt to my bounty; I'll go in his place, murmur, or repine, ſpeak the leaſt word, or give thy lips the leaſt motion; and I'll beat thee till thou art not in Condition to go.

Fail.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extream injuſtice: was it not my invention?

Burr. Why: doſt thou think thou art worthy to make uſe of thy own invention?——ſpeak another word d'ee ſee——come, help me quickly to ſtrip Sir *Timorous*: his Coat may conduce to the deceipt. Sir *Timorous*, by your leave.—— [*Falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! what's the matter?——Murder, Murder.——

Burr. D'ee open? I have ſomething in my Pocket that will ſerve for a gag, now I think on't. [*Gags and binds him.*) So lye there Knight. Come Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when I am married, remember to increaſe your manners with my Fortune—— yet we'll alwayes drink together [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Conſtance, Iſabelle, and *Nonſuch.*

Con. THis is juſt the Knight's hour; and Lovers ſeldom come after their time.

Non. Good night Daughter, I'll to bed; and give you joy to morrow Morning. [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Iſa. I'm glad he's gone: what, your train takes?

Conſt. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setſtone* has been with him in diſguiſe; and promis'd him golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own Fortune.

Iſa. Is your habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Iſa. A way then; for this is the place where we muſt part like Knights Errant, that take ſeveral paths to their adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear ſome body come along the Alley; without queſtion 'tis *Timorous.* Farewell, the Captain ſtayes for me in my Chamber.

Iſa. And I'll poſt after you to Matrimony; I have laid a freſh Parſon at the next Stage that ſhall carry me tantivy. [*Exit* Conſtance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance*!

Iſa The ſame: Sir *Timorous*!

Burr. The ſame.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Couſin. [*Aſide.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance* miſtakes me for the Knight. [*Aſide.*

Iſa. Here, Sir; through the dark walk; 'tis but a little way about:—— he's my own beyond Redemption.—— [*Aſide.*

Burr. The Indies are mine; and a handſome Lady into the bargain.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He ſhall be hang'd e'r he ſhall get her. Thus far I have dogg'd 'em, and this way I am ſure they muſt paſs e'r they come to the Houſe: the Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Stateſman, to fiſh things out of wiſer heads than his own, and never ſo much as take notice of him that gave the Counſel.——— [*Enter* Iſabelle *and* Burr *again.* Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge!———Madam, ———my Lady *Conſtance.*———

Iſa. Whoſe voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, ; or you are undone: ——— Pray ſtep Aſide.

Burr. Where are you, Madam?

Iſa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are miſtaken, Madam; 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his Cloaths: he has ſtript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Iſa. Failer?

Fail. The ſame: I could not but prevent your unhappineſs, though I hazard my Perſon in the diſcovery, I vow to Gad, Madam.

Burr. Who's that talks to you, my Lady *Conſtance*?

Iſa. A Maid of my acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor Soul does ſo pity me.

Burr. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to night!

Iſa. Has he the Key about him? [*To* Failer.

Fail. I think ſo, Madam.

Iſa. Could not you poſſibly pick his Pocket, and give me the Key? then let me alone to releaſe Sir *Timorous*; and you ſhall be witneſs of the wedding.

Fail. I gad you want your Couſin *Iſabelles* Wit to bring that to paſs, Madam.

Iſa. I warrant you my own wit will ſerve to fool *Burr.*———and you too, or I am much deceiv'd———. [*Aſide.*

Fail. I am a little apprehenſive of the Raſcal's Fingers ſince I felt 'em laſt; and yet my fear has not power to reſiſt the ſweet temptation of Revenge; I vow to Gad I'll try, Madam.———

Iſa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him buſie.——

Burr. Come, Madam and let me take off thoſe taſtleſs Kiſſes the Maid gave you; may we not joyn lips before we are Married?

Iſa. No, fye, Sir *Timorous.*

[*They ſtruggle a little, and in that time* Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it,——here 'tis,——now ſhift for your ſelf as I'll do: I'll wait you in the Alley. [*Exit* Failer.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no noiſe till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinkling.

Burr. There's no light I hope.——

Iſa. Not a ſpark.

Burr. For to light me to the mark——. [*Exit* Burr.

Iſa. What a ſcowring have I ſcap't to night! fortune, 'tis thou haſt been ingenious,

ingenious for me! Allons *Iſabelle!* Courage! now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Caſtle. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setſtone *Antickly habited; with a torch in one Hand, and a Wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that haſt led me this long Hour
Through Lanes and Alleys, and Blind Paſſages?
Set. I am thy *Genius*; and Conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'ſt to do
Do Boldly: Fear not, with this Rod I charm thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.
Lov. Well, March on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be anſwerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miſcarry.
Set. Fear not, my Son.
Lov. Fear not quoth a! then prithee put on a more Familiar ſhape:——— one of us two ſtinks extreamly: prithee do not come ſo near me. I do not love to have my Face Bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimſtone.———
Set. Fear not, but follow me.——
Lov. 'Faith I have no great Mind to't: I am ſomewhat godly at preſent; but ſtay a Month longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: in the mean time prithee ſtay thy ſtomach with ſome *Dutch-man:* an *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.
Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: go on and live: ſtep back and thou are mine.
Lov. So I am however; firſt or laſt, but for once I'll truſt thee.———

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Conſtance, *and a Parſon by her, ſhe habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune firſt Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of Lawful pleaſures; but depart e'r morn:
Slip from her Bed, or elſe thou ſhall be torn
Piece meale by Fiends, thy Blood carous'd in Bowls,
And thy four quarters Blown to th' top of *Pauls.*
Lov. By your Favour I'll never venture it: is Marrying the buſineſs? I'll none I thank you.——— [*Here* Conſtance *Whiſpers* Setſtone.
Set. Fortune will turn her Back if twice deny'd.
Lov. Why ſhe may turn her Girdle too on t'other ſide.
This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.
Set. Fear not ſhe ſwears thou ſhall receive no harm.
Lov. I, if a Man durſt truſt her; but the Devil is got into ſuch an ill Name for lying.
Set. When e'r you are not pleas'd, it ſhall be lawful to ſue out your Divorce.
Lov. I; but where ſhall I get a Lawyer? there you are aforehand with me:

me: you have retained moſt of them already——— for the favours I have received, I am very much her Servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parſon there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and muſt not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: beſides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven; and that I am ſure this was not.

Set. She bids you then at leaſt, reſtore the Gold, which ſhe, too laviſhly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man.——

Lov. Faith I have it not at preſent; 'tis all gone, as I am a Sinner; but 'tis gone wickedly; all ſpent in the Devil her Fathers ſervice.

Set. Where is the grateful ſenſe of all your favours? Come Fiends, with Fleſh-hooks tear the Wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leather wings, below the Fountain of the dark abyſs.

Lov. What, are you a Conjuring? if you are good at that ſport, I can Conjure as well as you——— [*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold? for Heaven's ſake hold, I am no ſpirit: touch but my hand; Ghoſts have no Fleſh and Blood. [*Diſcovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Conſtance!* I began to ſuſpect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it ſeems you are deſirous I ſhould Father this *Hans en Helder heere.*

Conſt. I know not how, without a bluſh, to tell you a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meer Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cuſhion; you ſee 'tis gone already.

Conſt. *Setſtone* was ſent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miſs'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that ſupply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'r I ſleep to night: come Parſon, prithee make haſt and joyn us. I long to be out of her debt, poor Rogue.

[*The Parſon takes them to the ſide of the Stage: they turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.*

Set. I'll be Clark; *Amen.* Give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Con. Thanks honeſt *Setſtone.*

[*Bibb. Franc.* And Muſick without, they Play.

Muſick. God give your Worſhip a good even, Mr. *Loveby.*

Con. Hark? what noiſe is that? Is this Muſick of your providing, *Setſtone?*

Set. Alaſs, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father, but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us———-fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through them all.———

[*As they ruſh out*; Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in*: Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.*

[*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bibb. Lord bleſs us, where are you, *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William*! this is a judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wits: and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bibb. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court, *Frances.* Let's call up the Watch, and Juſtice *Trice*, to have the Houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will. Bibber* and his wife with Muſick: for now I remember my ſelf I pointed him this hour at your Father's houſe: but we frighted them worſe then they frighted us.

Conſt. Our Parſon run away too: when they cry'd out——The Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: for if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have always obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other People.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: and betwixt thoſe two there muſt be War: yet to do 'em both right, I think in my Conſcience they quarrel only like Lawyers for their Fees; and meet good Friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him run in at my Couſin *Iſabelles* Chamber door, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: we'll fetch a light from the Gallery and give her joy.——

Lov. Why, is ſhe Married, Madam?

Con. I'll tell you as we go.—— [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes; Burr *and the Parſon enter, meeting in the dark.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance*, are you come again? that's well: I have waited ſufficiently for you in the dark.

Parſ. Help, help, help good Chriſtian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.

Burr. 'Tis I Madam; what do you mean?

Parſ. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.

Burr. What have I here, the hairy Women?

Enter Loveby, Conſtance *with the light.*

Burr. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Conſtance*? Who have I got, a ſton'd Prieſt by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too?

Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy: What make you here at this unſeaſonable hour? I'll know your buſineſs—— [*Draws.*

Burr. Will you Sir?——

Conſt. Set. Parſon. Help, Murder, murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk*, *with the Watch*, Bibber *and* Frances *following*: *At the other* Nonſuch *and Servants, and* Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby?*—— [*They diſarm both.*

Sir *Timorous.* Ha, *Burr*? Thieves; thieves! Sit down, down, good Mr. Juſtice, and take their Examinations: now I ſhall know how my Money went.

Trice. They ſhall have Juſtice, I warrant 'em.

Bib.

Bibb. The Juſtice is almoſt dead Drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But And't pleaſe your Worſhip, my Lord this is not the worſt ſight that we have ſeen here to night in your Worſhips Houſe, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with eyes like Sawcers, that threw down my Husband, threw down me, that made my heart ſo panck ever ſince, as they ſay.

Non. The Devil again in my Houſe!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my ſelf, and Married me; Mr. *Setſtone* there can juſtifie it: but the beſt is, I have a Charm about me that will lay him yet e'r midnight.

Fail. And I Vow to Gad, my Lord, I know as little how I came hither as any man.

Burr. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No, I dare ſwear do'ſt thou not, Mr. Juſtice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durſt come into our ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of——my Family——this evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous *and* Iſabelle.

Watch. And't pleaſe your Worſhip I met this couple in the ſtreet late, and ſo ſeeing them to be Man and Woman, I brought 'em along with me, upon ſuſpicion of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud Minx that ſought ſhelter in my Houſe this Afternoon, Mr. Juſtice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous*, and Madam *Iſabelle?* I Vow to Gad we are undone, *Burr.*——

Iſa. Do not you know me, Mr. Juſtice?

Lov. Juſtice is Blind, he knows no body.

Iſa. My name is *Iſabelle.*

Franc. No, thy name is *Jezabelle*: I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papiſts would be abroad at this time of Night.

Bibb. Hold, *Frances.*——

Trice. She's drunk I warrant her, as any Beaſt: I wonder, Woman, you do not conſider what a crying ſin Drunkenneſs is; Whom do you learn it from in our Pariſh? I'm ſure you never ſee me worſe.

Iſa. Burr and *Failer*; acknowledge your ſelves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: I have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy, Couſin,——give you joy.

Lov. Married?

Iſa. And in *Diana*'s Grove, Boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by Heaven, 'tis wondous fine; as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and ſtrip'd me almoſt ſtark naked, and lock'd me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a Man again; and therefore I have Reaſon to love her the longeſt day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt night too, or you are to blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the Proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare ſhirt.

Burr. So much for us, *Failer*!

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg you Lordſhips bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf. [*Both Kneel.*

Non. Why: you are not Married to him I hope? he's Married to the Devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordships getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can witneſs it.

Set. Par. We muſt ſpeak truth, my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'r ſee penny of my Money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'tis like the laſt Act of a Play when people muſt Marry; and if Fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at 'em from the Galleries: why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a Dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay, for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſh'd already: 'twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt; ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great belly Nuncle I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your Guts.

Loveby. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart Raſcal; 'tis well I am pleas'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Con. No, no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have ſo ſharpned you upon one another.

Iſa. A Wit ſhould naturally be joyned to a Fortune; by the ſame reaſon your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Conſt. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two fortunes muſt have built Hoſpitals with our Money, we could never have ſpent it elſe.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Iſa. Well, to ſhew I am in charity with my Enemies. I'll make a Motion: while we are in Town, let us hire a large Houſe, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer*.——————

Fail. Shall be utterly diſcarded; I know 'twould come to that I vow to Gad.

Iſa. Shall be our Gheſts.

[Burr *and* Failer *throw up their Caps, and cry* Vive Madam Iſabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* ſhall make our Wedding Cloaths without truſting.

Bib. No, hence forward I'll truſt none but landed men; and ſuch as have Houſes and Apple-trees in the Country: now I have got a Place in the Cuſtom-Houſe.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman ſhould go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and ſee whether the Queens Majeſties Dreſſer ſhould not take place of any Knights Wife in Chriſtendom.

Bibb. Now all will out——————no more, good *Frances*.

Franc. I will ſpeak, that I will, ſo I will: what! ſhall I be a Dreſſer to the Queens Majeſty and no body know on't; I'll ſend Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Brides* Church (if ever you come to Church, Gentlemen) you ſhall ſee me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby*'s Worſhip for't.

Loveby.

Loveby. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late, the Place is gone; and ſo is yours, *Will*; but you ſhall have 200 *l.* for One, if that will ſatisfie you.

Franc. This is bitter news, as they ſay.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*, where are thy Fiddles? a dance ſhould do it.

Bibb. I'll run and call 'em.

Iſa. I have found out that will comfort her: henceforward I Chriſten her by the name of *Madam Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you ſweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping Spirits: I confeſs I was a little Eclips'd; but I'll chear up with abundance of love, as they ſay; Strike up Fiddles.

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Muſick, and a little nod has recovered me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Poſſet.

Non. To Bed, to Bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby*, get me a Boy to night, and I'll ſettle three thouſand a year upon him the firſt day he calls me Grandſire.

Lov. I'll do my beſt.

To make the Bargain ſure before I ſleep,
Where Love and Money ſtrike, the Blow goes deep.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

WILD-GALLANT,

As it was first Acted.

THE Wild Gallant *has quite plaid out his game;*
He's Marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Critiques ſwear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned moſt by theſe,
They are the only People he can pleaſe:
For he to humour them, has ſhown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been ſhown
The greateſt Wits, and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occaſion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become ſevere.
There is not any Perſon here ſo mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him chuſe his Judges then,
He boldly names true Engliſh Gentlemen:
For he ne'r thought a handſome Garb or Dreſs,
So great a Crime to make their Judgment leſs:
And with theſe Gallants he theſe Ladies joyns,
To judge that Language their Converſe refines:
But if their Cenſures ſhould condemn his Play,
Far from diſputing, he does only pray,
He may Leander's *Deſtiny obtain:*
Now ſpare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Wild-Gallant Reviv'd.

OF all Drammatick Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the beſt; ſo 'tis moſt hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the Eye,
Where all may judge, and each Defect may ſpye.
Humour is that which every Day we meet
And therefore known as every Publick Street;
In which, if e're the Poet go aſtray,
You all can point, 'twas there he loſt his way.
But, What's ſo common, to make pleaſant too,
Is more than any Wit can always do:
For 'tis like Turkes, *with* Hen *and* Rice *to treat;*
To make Regalio's out of common Meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane Fleſh your Taſt can pleaſe:
And, as their Feaſts with ſlaughtered Slaves began,
So you, at each new Play muſt have a Man.
Hither you come, as to ſee Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But Fools grow wary now; and when they ſee
A Poet eyeing round the Company,
Straight each Man for himſelf begins to doubt;
They ſhrink like Seamen when a Preſs comes out.
Few of them will be found for Publick Uſe,
Except you charge an Oph upon each Houſe,
Like the Train-Bands: and every Man ingage
For a ſufficient Fool to ſerve the Stage.
And, when with much ado you get him there,
Where he and all his Glory ſhou'd appear,
Your Poets make him ſuch rare things to ſay,
That he's more Wit then any Man i'th' Play.
But of ſo ill a mingle with the reſt,
As when a Parrat's taught to break a jeſt.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a ſhow
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well conſider'd, 'tis ſo hard to make
A Comedy, which ſhould the knowing take:

That

That our dull Poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his Writ of ease,
'Tis a Land-Tax, which he's too poor to pay;
You therefore must some other Impost lay.
Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse
This mottley Garniture of Fool and Farce,
Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse,
As Tradesmen by the change of Fashions, lose
With some content their Fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple Trade advance.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

FINIS.